

TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE

10c

No. 6

# EERIE



MONSTER  
of the SEA!  
The STRANGE  
INDIAN CURSE!  
The FLOWER  
of DEATH!  
The DEVIL  
KEEPS a DATE!



## The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", "Barnyard Comics", "Stranger Worlds", "Captain Future", "Snake Eyes", "Miss Masque", and "The Fighting Yank". The art style is characteristic of mid-century pulp magazines, with bold colors and dynamic illustrations. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a slight drop shadow effect. The overall composition suggests a digital archive or a website dedicated to classic comic books.



NO MAN CAN LIVE WITH GUILT! A TRANSGRESSOR IS NEVER FREE. HE IS HOUNDED DAY AND NIGHT BY THE PICTURE OF HIS BLOODY DEED. BUT SCOTT CALDWELL THOUGHT HE WOULD ESCAPE THE CURSE-- THE TERRIBLE CURSE OF....

# The FLOWER of DEATH!



ND! ND!  
STAY AWAY!  
STAY AWAY!  
I DON'T WANT  
TO DIE!

ON THE HUGE LAKE OF THE CALDWELL ESTATE, PARALYTIC MILLIONAIRE PAUL CALDWELL CASTS HIS LINE. HIS SON SCOTT ROWS SULENLY...

AH! WHAT A DAY!  
IT MAKES ME FEEL  
YOUNG AND WELL  
AGAIN!

YES, FATHER!  
IT IS A FINE DAY!

OH, ER, SCOTT... ABOUT  
ELLEN... YOU DON'T INTEND  
TO GO THROUGH WITH THAT  
MARRIAGE, DO YOU?

YES,  
FATHER! I  
INTEND TO  
MARRY ELLEN!  
THE SOONER  
THE BETTER!



SCOTT--YOU LEAVE ME  
NO CHOICE! IF YOU MARRY  
ELLEN AND LEAVE ME ALONE,  
I'LL DISINHERIT YOU!

YOU  
WOULDN'T  
DARE!

OH, WOULDN'T I? I  
CAN DO **ANYTHING** I  
WANT! **SCOTT! SIT  
DOWN!** YOU'RE ROCKING  
THE BOAT! **SIT DOWN,  
I SAID!**

I'M THROUGH TAKING  
ORDERS FROM YOU! I'M  
TIRED OF WATCHING OVER  
YOU LIKE A SICK PUPPY..  
**I HATE YOU AND I  
REFUSE TO  
LET YOU RUIN  
MY LIFE!**



NO, SCOTT! DON'T! I  
DIDN'T MEAN WHAT  
I SAID! PLEASE...

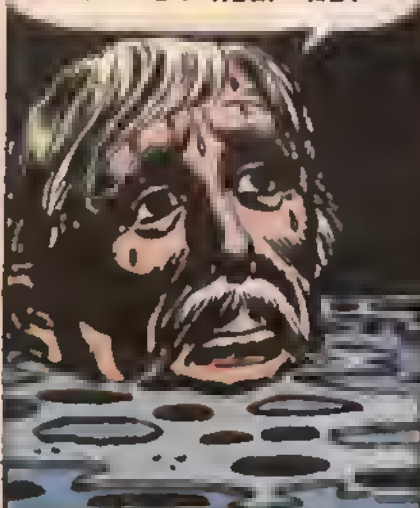
SORRY, FATHER- I'M  
GOING TO HAVE WHAT  
I WANT AT LAST!



SCOTT! SAVE ME,  
PLEASE! DON'T  
LET ME DROWN!  
PLEASE!!



I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING--  
HELP ME! HELP ME!





MINUTES LATER SCOTT DRAGS HIS DEAD FATHER ASHORE...

I'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS LOOK ACCIDENTAL...

HELP!  
HELP!



AT THE INQUEST PAUL CALOWELL'S DEATH IS RULED ACCIDENTAL, THEN, AS MOURNERS ARRIVE...

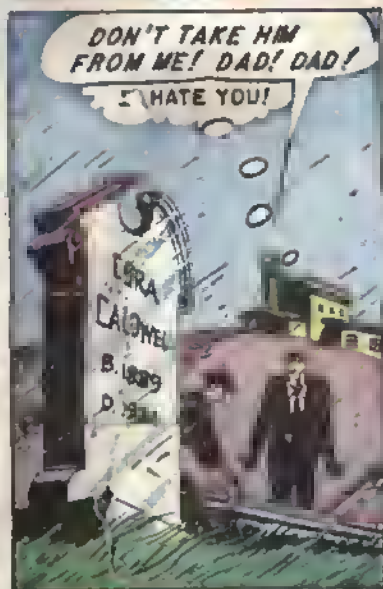
THE LEAST WE COULD DO FOR HIM WAS TO FULFILL HIS LAST WISHES... TO BE BURIED IN HIS FULL DRESS SUIT WITH A WHITE CARNATION!

EASY, SCOTT! DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD! YOUR FATHER SUFFERED! MAYBE THIS WAS FOR THE BEST!



DON'T TAKE HIM FROM ME! DAD! DAD!

I HATE YOU!



SOME WEEKS LATER...

SCOTT, DARLING, ISN'T IT TOO SOON AFTER YOUR FATHER'S DEATH? WE CAN WAIT TO BE MARRIED!

DAD WANTED

IT THIS WAY, DEAREST! HE PASSED AWAY IN MY ARMS SAYING-- "SCOTT MARRY ELLEN-- SHE'S A GOOD GIRL. DON'T DELAY!"



A MONTH LATER, A DAY BEFORE THE BIG EVENT, SCOTT'S TAILORS ARRIVE...

AH, MR. CALWELL! HERE'S YOUR SUIT-- AND RIGHT ON TIME!

FINE!  
FINE!

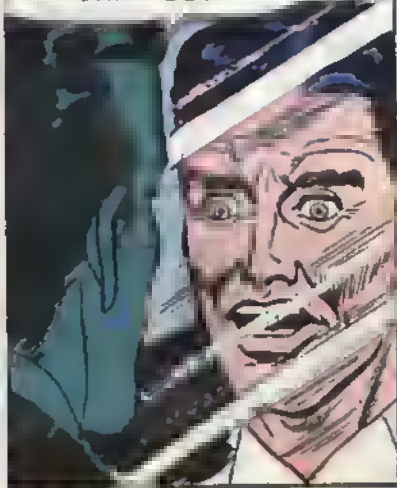


WONDERFUL FIT, MR. CALDWELL! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

IT'S GORGEOUS-- GORGEOUS!



IT FITS VERY WELL, GENTLEMEN, VERY--- NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!



THE WHITE CARNATION! NO! NO!

WHAT'S WRONG, MR. CALDWELL?







LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, SCOTT DIGS FURIOUSLY!



A... LITTLE MORE...  
(UGH)... A LITTLE...  
MORE...

FINALLY, SCOTT REACHES THE CASKET, AND  
OPENING IT, DISCOVERS...

THE CARHATION  
STILL LIVES! NO,  
IT CAN'T BE!



SCOTT GRABS THE SHOVEL  
AND BEGINS TO COVER THE  
GRAVE! THEN HE HEARS IT  
ONCE AGAIN...

SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

WHY DID YOU DO IT, SCOTT?  
WHY DID YOU DO IT, SCOTT?

HIS WHEEL CHAIR! HIS  
VOICE! IT'S DRIVING  
ME CRAZY!



HIS WHEEL CHAIR HAS  
BEEN HERE... BUT THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S DEAD!



HELP ME! HELP ME! THIS  
ISN'T REAL...



REACHING THE SAFETY OF HIS ROOM,  
SCOTT SLUMPS INTO AN EASY CHAIR...



THE NEXT MORNING, SCOTT'S BUTLER  
ENTERS THE ROOM...

NO! NO! DON'T... I...  
ER... OH, IT-IT'S  
YOU, JAMES!

SIR, THE GUESTS ARE  
ARRIVING! IT'S TIME  
YOU DRESSED FOR  
YOUR WEDDING!



SCOTT RISES SLOWLY...AFRAID TO LOOK AT THE DRESS SUIT! BUT WHEN JAMES TAKES IT OUT OF THE CLOSET...

WHY, IT'S FRESHLY PRESSED! DID YOU PRESS IT? DID YOU PRESS IT, JAMES?

NO, SIR! THAT'S JUST THE WAY YOUR TAILORS BROUGHT IT!

AH HOUR LATER...

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A BAD NIGHTMARE! I MUST HAVE IMAGINED ALL OF IT!

...IS THERE ANY REASON WHY THESE TWO SHOULDN'T BE JOINED IN HOLY MATRIMONY? SPEAK NOW, OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE!

YES, SCOTT MURDERED ME! SCOTT MURDERED ME! SCOTT MURDERED ME...

IT ISN'T TRUE! HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO MARRY! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM...

SCOTT! WHAT'S WRONG? THERE'S NO ONE HERE! NO ONE SAID ANYTHING!

THE CARNATION! THE CARNATION! NO! I HAD TO KILL HIM! I HAD TO KILL MY FATHER!

SCOTT! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHAT CARNATION?

SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE... I'VE GOT TO... HIS WHEEL CHAIR...IT'S FOLLOWING ME!

RUNNING WILDLY TOWARD THE LAKE, SCOTT TURNS HIS HEAD IN THE DIRECTION OF THE EERIE SQUEAK. SUDDENLY, HIS FOOT CATCHES, AND...

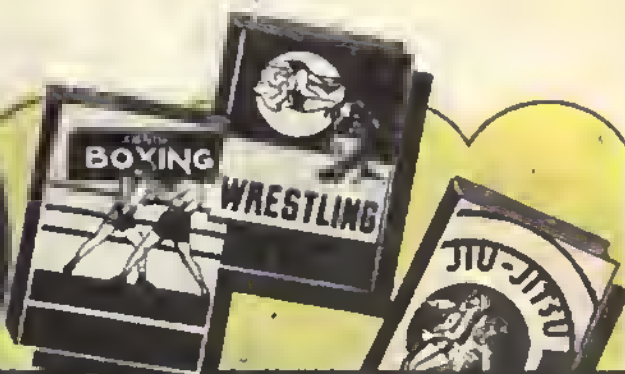
IT'LL GET ME...OHNNNNH!

SCOTT FALLS INTO THE CHILLED WATERS OF THE LAKE...AND HIS BODY SLOWLY SINKS AND SINKS AND SINKS...

...AND SOON, A WHITE OBJECT RISES TO THE SURFACE AND FLOATS OUT, AND THEN DISAPPEARS... A WHITE CARNATION!



Be the  
**MASTER**  
not the slave!  
Defend YOURSELF — IN ANY SITUATION — ANYWHERE



**BOXING**  
K.O. Smashes his  
opponent! Knocking  
blows! Thrilling  
50c

**WRESTLING**  
Endless Wrestling  
tricks! Thrilling  
traps!  
50c

**JIU-JITSU**  
As taught in  
Martial Arts, "G"  
Book, etc.  
50c

Learn this Quick, Easy Way

OVERCOME ANY ENEMY — NO MATTER HOW BIG HE IS, OR HOW SMALL YOU ARE!

**H**ERE'S every science of self-defense and lethal attack, wrapped up into one red-blooded package. This new fast-moving system will make you tough — or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!



BOXING



WRESTLING



JIU-JITSU

all  
3  
books  
ONLY  
\$1.00

If bought  
separately  
each  
50c

In every dynamite-packed page, experts teach you through pictures and stories. How you can K.O. your enemy with one clean scientific wallop! How to make him with parrying, blocking, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly Jiu-Jitsu.

Never again cringe or shy away from a strap. Imagine the wonderful confidence when you know that you're nobody's slave, that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect others will have for you, the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough, tough, scappling, deadly-efficient fellow you can be.

You learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in your own home. And what's more, you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want every red-blooded American to know how to defend himself. They want to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price of these books was made so low that everyone could afford to own them. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

We want you to have all three books. We want you to be able to defend yourself against any attacker, no matter how he fights. Therefore, we'll send you all 3 books for the price of only 2.

**SEND NO MONEY — RUSH COUPON NOW!**

Make us prove our claims. Send no money, unless you prefer. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. You must be completely convinced after five days, or return the books and your money will be refunded. Don't wait until it's too late. Respond NOW.

PICKWICK CO.  
Box 463, Times Sq. Sta.  
Dept. C-602 New York 18, N. Y.

Rush me a copy of  
☐ Jiu-Jitsu—50c ☐ Scientific Boxing—50c  
☐ Wrestling—50c

If you check two books, we will send you the third without additional charge!

Please send the books with charges

☐ Enclosed find \$ prepaid.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay on delivery, plus postage and C.O.D. charges. (No C.O.D. for less than \$1.00).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

PICKWICK CO. Box 463, Times Sq. Sta., New York 18

It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.

YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH SATAN! FICTION AND LEGEND TELL US THAT MANY MEN HAVE TRIED, BUT THEY HAVE ALL ENDED UP IN THE SAME PLACE! AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HOMER CARMICHAEL UNSUSPECTINGLY STRIKES UP A BARGAIN WITH THE MAN IN THE RED SUIT?

# the DEVIL KEEPS a DATE!

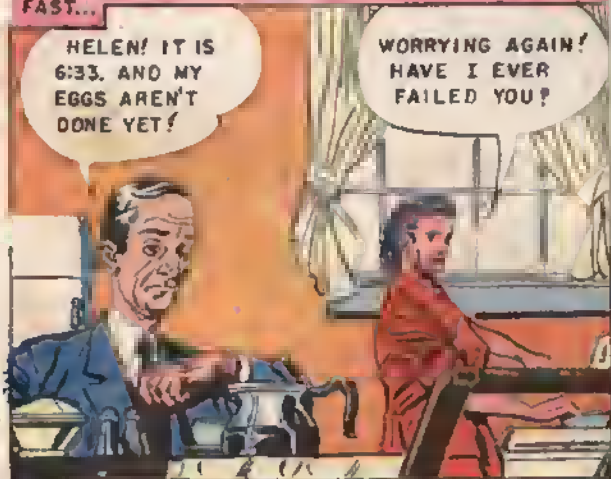


BECKER  
ALASCIA

HOMER CARMICHAEL, A WEAK LITTLE MAN, HAS ONLY ONE ENJOYMENT OUT OF LIFE...HIS PUNCTUALITY IN ALL HIS YEARS AT HASKIN'S HARDWARE, INC., HE HAS NEVER BEEN LATE OR ABSENT. NOW, AT BREAKFAST...

HELEN! IT IS 6:33. AND MY EGGS AREN'T DONE YET!

WORRYING AGAIN! HAVE I EVER FAILED YOU?



BREAKFAST IS FINISHED, AND AT PRECISELY 8:01 HOMER IS AT THE DOOR, READY TO LEAVE...

GOOD-BYE, DEAR! I'LL BE HOME THE USUAL TIME...5:16!

TAKE CARE, HOMER!





LATER, AS HOMER ENTERS THE ELEVATOR..

MORNING, MR. GARMICHAEL! RIGHT ON TIME AGAIN, EH?

I'M ALWAYS ON TIME, JACK!



THAT AFTERNOON AT LUNCH..

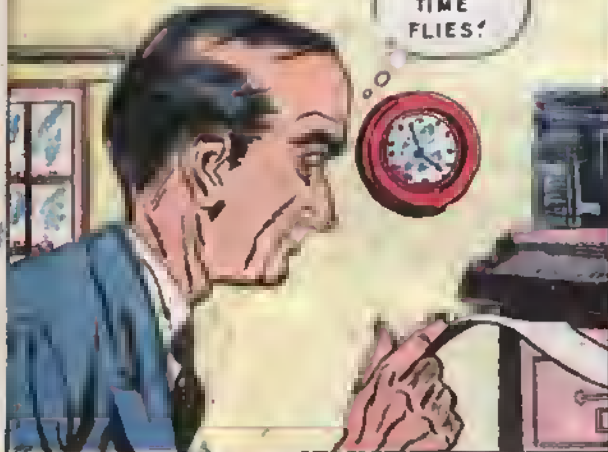
SOME MEN LIKE TO  
HOMER,  
HOW CAN  
YOU STAND  
SUCH A  
RIGID SCHED-  
ULE!

DRINK, OTHERS TO GAMBLE! IT  
EXCITES THEM! WELL, THIS EXCITES  
ME JUST AS MUCH! IT'S A CHALLENGE  
AND IT'S GONE ON FOR SO LONG, IT  
WOULD KILL ME TO BREAK IT! DN,  
OH! TIME WE STARTED BACK!



THE TIME IS 4:55, AND EVERY DAY AT THIS TIME  
HOMER STARTS CLEANING UP, READY TO GO HOME....

MY, HOW  
TIME  
FLIES!



OH, HOMER, WILL  
YOU STEP INTO MY  
OFFICE FOR A  
MOMENT?

BUT, MR. HASKINS,  
IT'S ALREADY...YES.  
SIR, IF IT'S ONLY  
FOR A MOMENT...



DON'T WORRY,  
HOMER! THIS  
WON'T TAKE LONG!

*SURPRISE!*

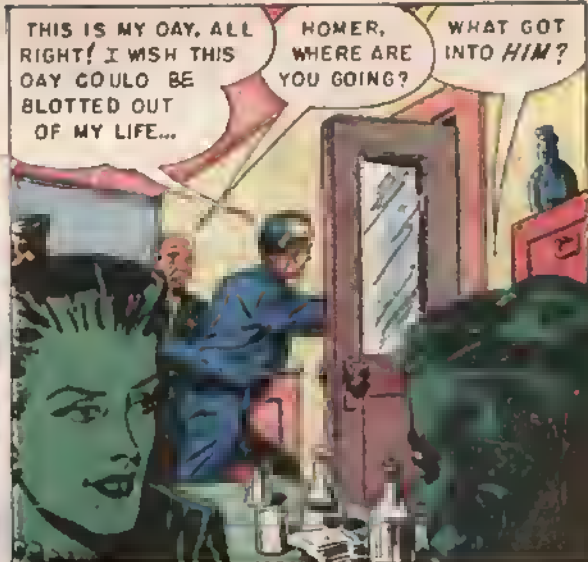


HOMER, YOU'VE BEEN A  
LOYAL EMPLOYEE FOR  
22 YEARS, NEVER OUT  
A SINGLE DAY, OR  
LATE! THIS PARTY  
IS IN YOUR HONOR!

T-THANK YOU, MR. HASKINS.

NOW I'LL NEVER GET  
HOME ON TIME! HELEN  
WILL WORRY...MY RECORD  
IS SHATTERED... WHY DID  
HE EVER MAKE THIS  
PARTY FOR ME?







I SURE APPRECIATE THIS! MNAME'S BARNEY BEE! ANY TIME I CAN HELP YA, OONT HESITATE!

MY NAME'S HOMER CAR-MICHAEL, AND I DOUBT WHETHER ANYONE CAN HELP ME!

THERE AIN'T A THING IN THIS WORLD THAT CAN'T BE DONE! WHAT'S TROUBLIN' YA?

WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS...



HOMER TELLS HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND HIS TRAGIC TALE... CAN YOU IMAGINE?

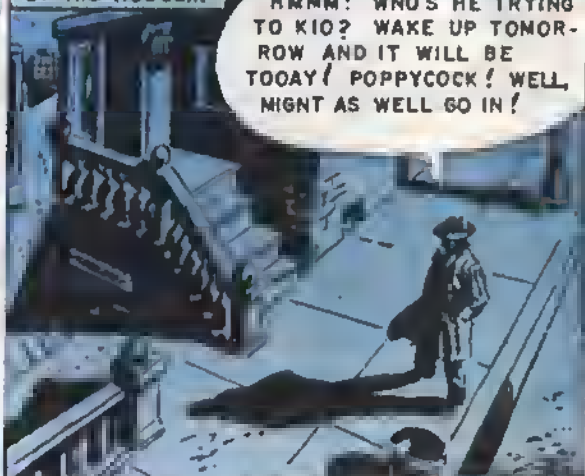
AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS, ONE LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY...

LOOK, HOMER! I CAN HELP YOU! JUST GO HOME...AND WHEN YOU WAKE UP TOMORROW MORNING, IT'LL BE TODAY! YOUR RECORD WILL BE INTACT!



ONE BEER IS ENOUGH TO MAKE HOMER CAR-MICHAEL DROWSY, AND SOON HE IS IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE...

HMMM! WHO'S HE TRYING TO KID? WAKE UP TOMORROW AND IT WILL BE TODAY! POPPYCOCK! WELL, MIGHT AS WELL GO IN!



WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? I'VE BEEN GONE ALL EVENING AND HELEN DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE IT! SHE HAS THE GALL TO THROW A PARTY! I'LL SPEAK TO HER IN THE MORNING!

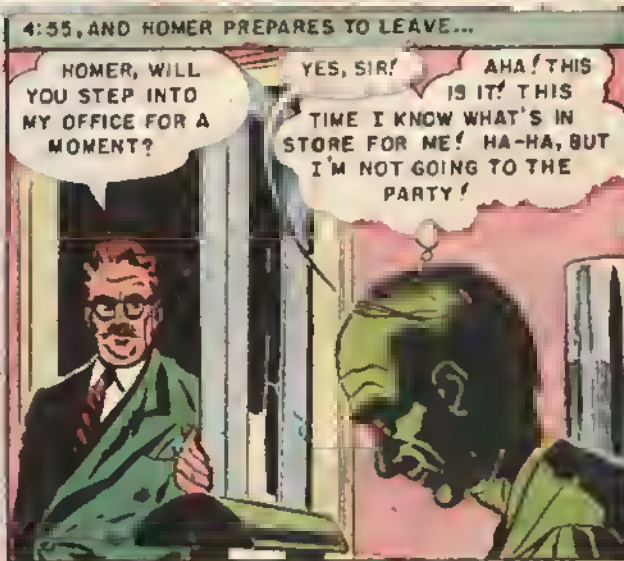
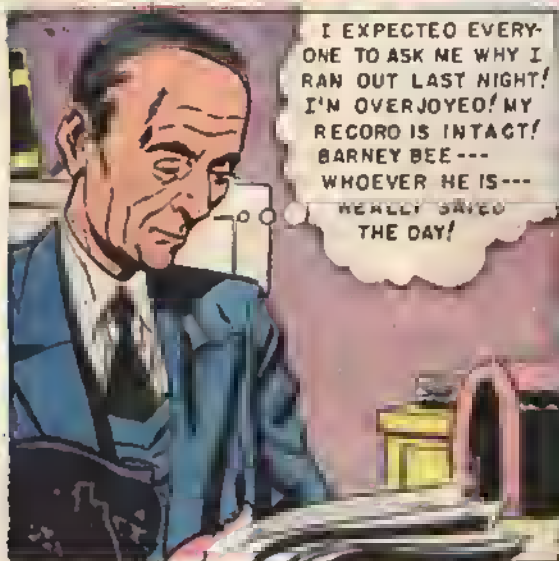
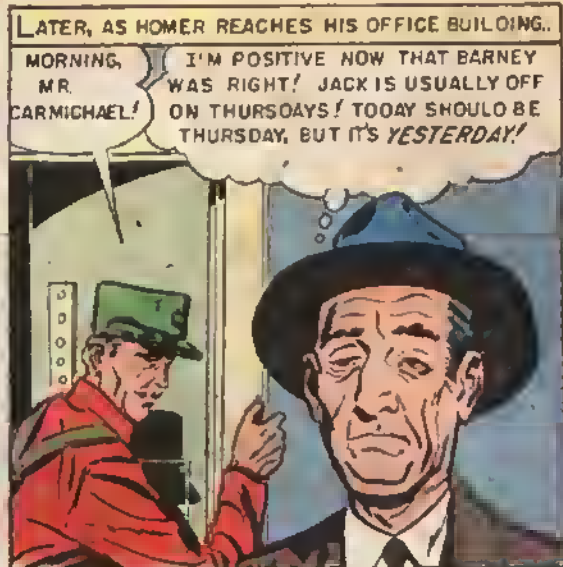


THROUGH FORCE OF HABIT, HOMER RISES AT THE USUAL TIME...

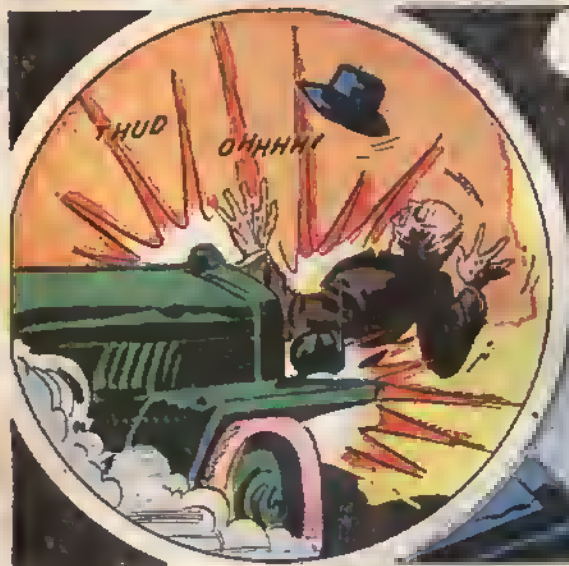
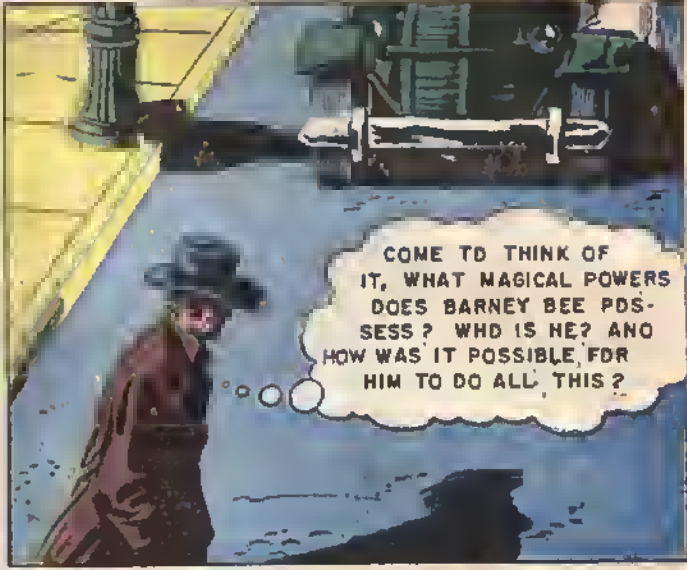
OH, HELEN, ABOUT LAST NIGHT...

WE HAD FUN, DIDN'T WE, HOMER? THE ANDERSONS ARE SUCH FINE PEOPLE!

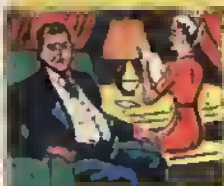
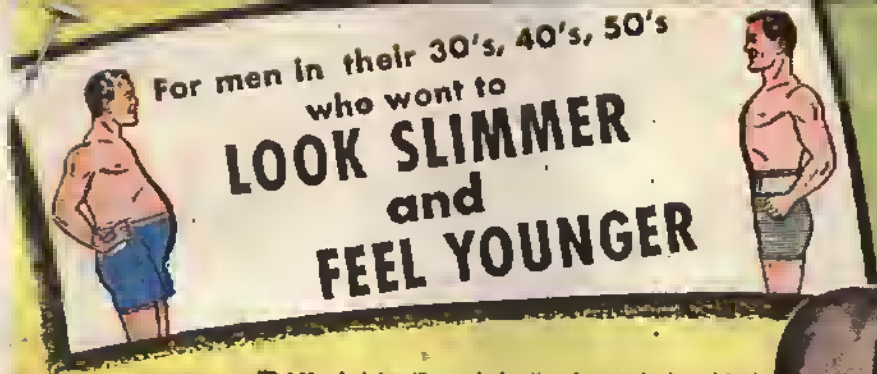








# An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



POSTURE BAD?  
Got a 'Boy Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN  
who can  
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

and then he got a  
"CHEVALIER" . . .



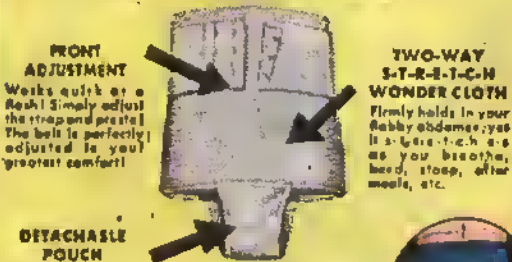
YOU NEED A  
"CHEVALIER"!

Does a bulging "boy window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

## The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR  
BULGING "BOY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge . . . go with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the hah the way you want. Prolong Your "boy-window" bulge is lifted in . . . flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!



**FRONT ADJUSTMENT**  
Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to you! "greatest comfort!"

**TWO-WAY  
S-T-R-E-T-C-H  
WONDER CLOTH**  
Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

**DETACHABLE  
POUCH**  
Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

**Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control**  
It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel restricted. There's because the two-way stretch cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific laws of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!



Rear View  
FITS SNUG AT  
SMALL OF BACK  
Firm, comfortable  
support, feels good!

**FREE Extra Pouch.** The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

## FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "boy window" looks streamlined . . . how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" may help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 4202 E, 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

## SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 4202 E  
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postmen \$2.99 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is . . . . . (Send string the size of your waist (no tape measure handy))

Name . . . . . Address . . . . .

City and Zone . . . . . State . . . . .  
☐ Save 50c postage We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Some Free Trial and refund privileges.



Success

Home Study

Will to Win

Character

Health

Age

How do you Measure Up?

Get the FACTS!  
Mail Coupon Today!

**HAVE YOU  
GOT WHAT  
IT TAKES?**

to become a  
**Criminal Investigator  
Finger Print Expert?**

**FIND OUT NOW**  
at our Expense

You have everything to gain . . . nothing to lose! Here's your chance to learn at OUR expense whether you have "what it takes" to become a criminal investigator or finger print expert.

With NO OBLIGATION on your part—mail the coupon below requesting our *qualification* questionnaire. It will be sent to you by return mail. If, in our opinion, your answers to our simple questions indicate that you have the basic qualifications necessary to succeed in scientific crime detection, we will tell you promptly. Then you will also receive *absolutely free* the fascinating "Blue Book of Crime"—a volume showing how modern detectives actually track down real criminals.

**Our Graduates Are Key Men in  
Over 800 Identification Bureaus**

So this is your opportunity! We have been teaching finger print and firearms identification, police photography and criminal investigation for over 30 years! **OUR GRADUATES—TRAINED THROUGH SIMPLE, INEXPENSIVE, STEP BY STEP, HOME STUDY LESSONS—HOLD RESPONSIBLE POSITIONS IN OVER 800 U. S. IDENTIFICATION BUREAUS!** We *know* what is needed to succeed—NOW we want to find out if you have it!

Without spending a penny—see how YOU "measure up" for a profitable career in scientific criminal investigation. Mail the coupon today!

**INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE**

(A Correspondence School Since 1916)

1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 6452, Chicago 40, Ill.

**INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE**

1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 6452 Chicago 40, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligation or expense on my part, send me your qualification questionnaire. I understand that upon receipt of my answers you will immediately advise me if you think they indicate that I have a chance to succeed in criminal investigation or finger print work. Then I will receive **FREE** the "Blue Book of Crime," and information on your course and the 800 American Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates.

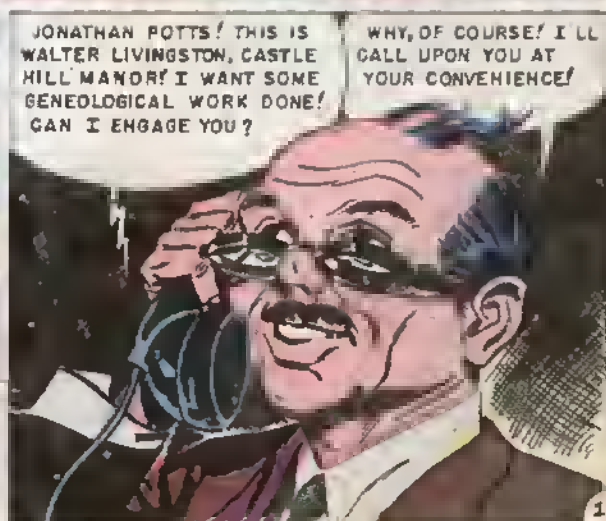
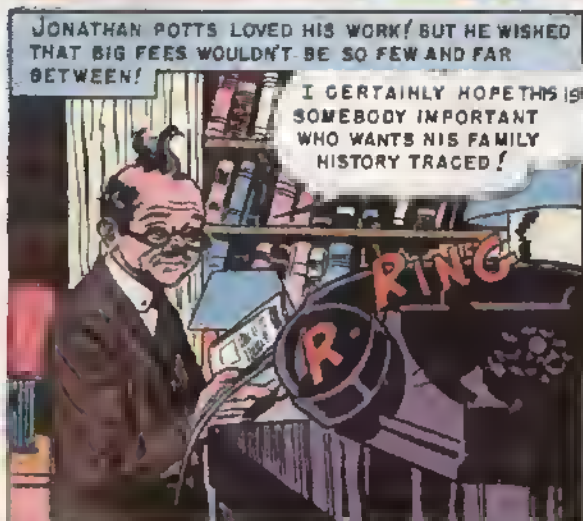
Name

Address  RFD or Zone

City  State  Age

JONATHAN POTTS WAS A GENEALOGIST! WHEN HE WAS COMMISSIONED TO LOOK UP THE FORTESCU FAMILY TREE, HE WAS PLEASED AT THE FAT FEE IT WOULD BRING! HE COULD NOT KNOW WHAT GRISLY TERROR WAS COMING AS HE UNEARTHED THE GRUESOME...

# MONSTER of the SEA!





POTTS WAS DELIGHTED! HE KNEW THAT WALTER LIVINGSTON WAS A RICH MAN! THE LIVINGSTON ESTATE WAS ON THE MAINE SEACOAST, ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY...

WHAT A HANDSOME PLACE! THIS IS THE KIND OF JOB I'M AFTER!



YES, I'M VERY INTERESTED IN GENEALOGY! MR. LIVINGSTON WILL TELL YOU WHAT WE WANT-- IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

WHY, OF COURSE, MRS. LIVINGSTON!



BEAUTIFUL PLACE YOU HAVE HERE, MR. LIVINGSTON.

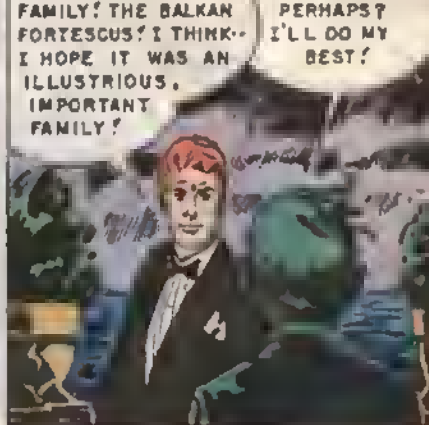
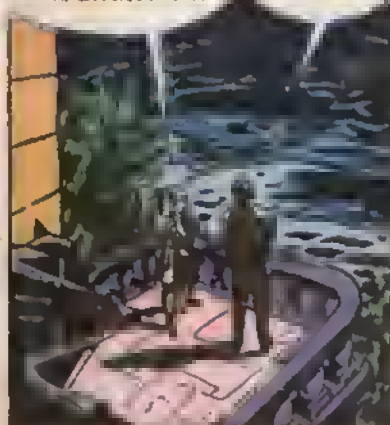
YES-- WE LOVE THE SEA...

THE SEA IS SO FASCINATING! REMINDS ME ALWAYS OF THAT POEM, "OCEAN, THOU MIGHTY MONSTER!"

ER-- YES, QUITE SO!

WHAT WE WANT IS A FULL HISTORY OF THE 'FORTESCU FAMILY! THE BALKAN FORTESCU? I THINK-- I HOPE IT WAS AN ILLUSTRIOUS, IMPORTANT FAMILY!

BALKAN FORTESCU! ROMANIA, PERHAPS? I'LL DO MY BEST!

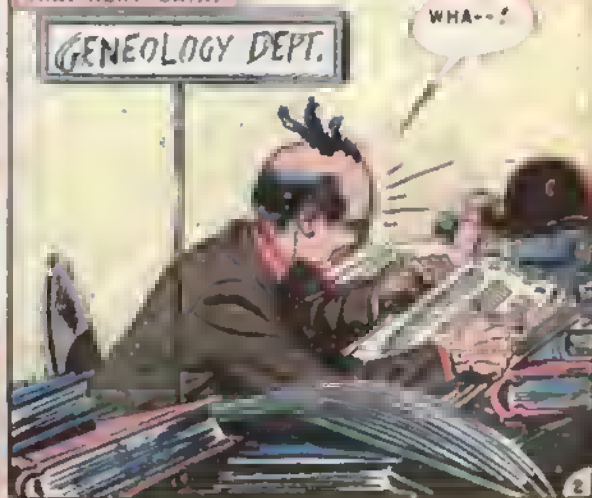


CERTAINLY A BEAUTY, THAT MRS. LIVINGSTON! ROMANIAN BLOOD, MAYBE, WITH A STRAIN OF GYPSY!

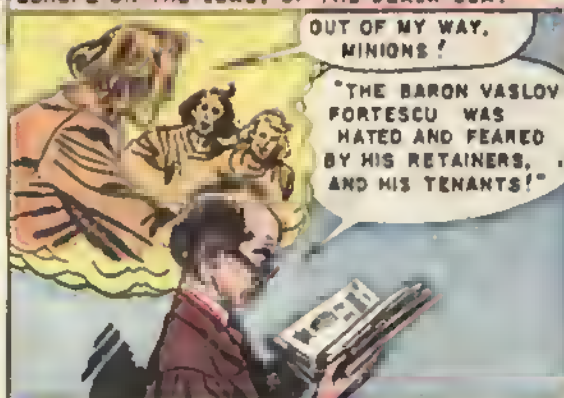
JONATHAN POTTS CERTAINLY HAD NO PREMONITION OF THE WEIRD THINGS HE WOULD FIND, WHEN THAT NEXT DAY...

WHA--!

GENEALOGY DEPT.



THE BALKAN FORTESCU HAD A TURGID, A TERRIBLE HISTORY! POTTS FOUND WHERE IT BEGAN, WHEN THE SWAGGERING BARON VASLOV FORTESCU RULED HIS LITTLE FEUDAL KINGDOM, IN EUROPE ON THE COAST OF THE BLACK SEA!



OUT OF MY WAY, MINIONS!

"THE BARON VASLOV FORTESCU WAS HATED AND FEARED BY HIS RETAINERS, AND HIS TENANTS!"

"THE GYPSIES WERE VERY PLEASED WITH THE PLACE! THEY HAD NO IDEA IT WOULD LEAD THEM INTO TROUBLE!"

YES! YES, SURELY!

WE HAVE PICKED WELL, FRANTZ! WE SHALL BE HAPPY HERE!



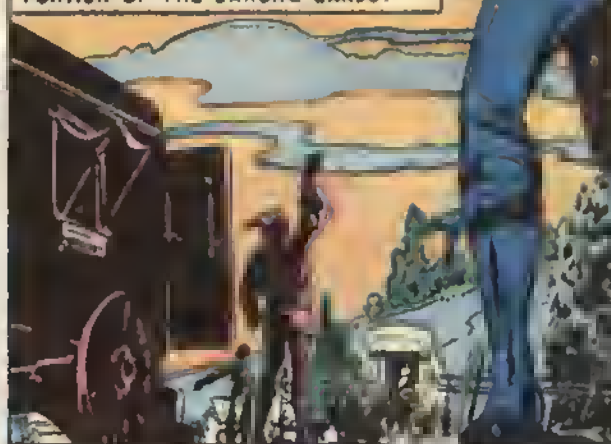
"BUT, SOON, WHEN THE BARON VASLOV FORTESCU HEARD OF IT..."

YES, MASTER... THEY ARE THERE, AT THE NORTH BY THE SEA!

HO! WHAT IS THIS? GYPSIES TRESPASSING ON MY LAND? I SHALL ATTEND TO THAT!



"THERE CAME A DAY WHEN A BAND OF WANDERING GYPSIES PITCHED THEIR ENCAMPMENT ON A DISTANT PORTION OF THE BARON'S LANDS!"



"LIKE GAY CHILDREN!"

TIA IS SO BEAUTIFUL!

TIA...WE WANT A TARANTELLA NEXT!

YES! YES, MAKE TIA DANCE THE TARANTELLA!

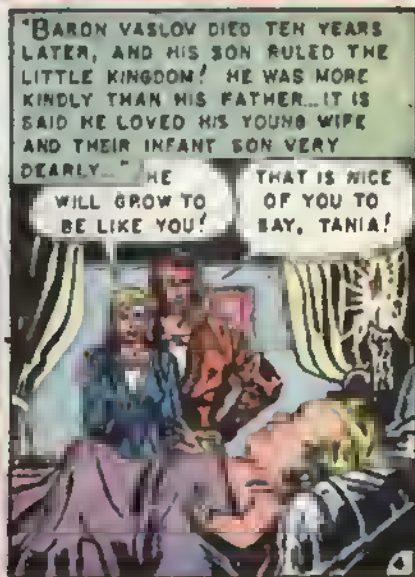
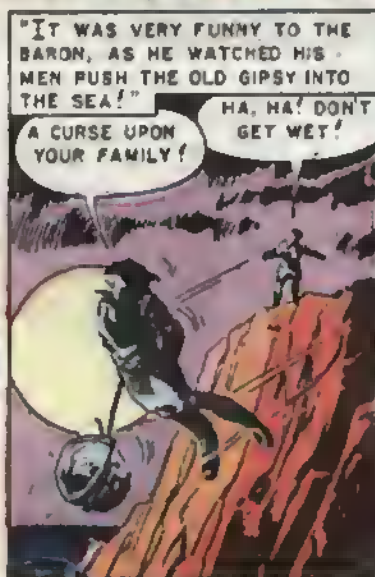
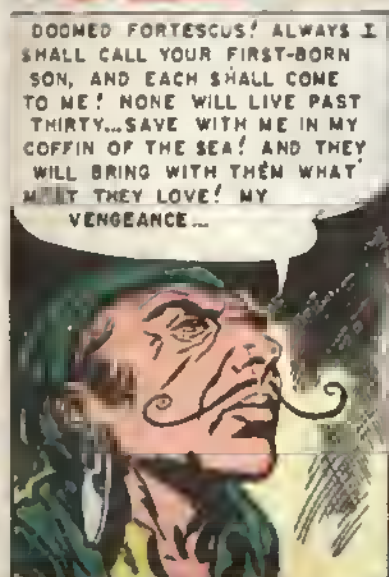
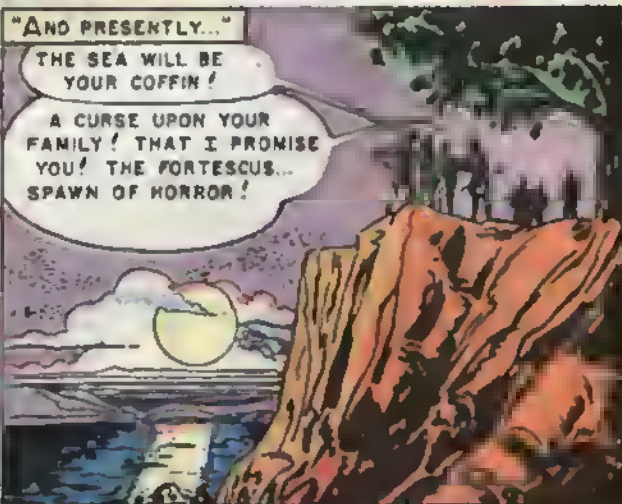
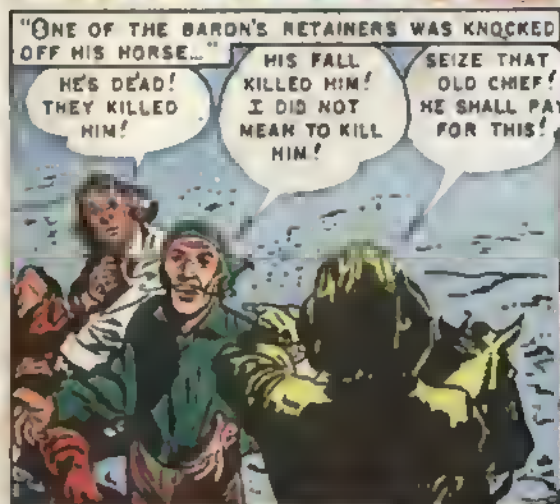
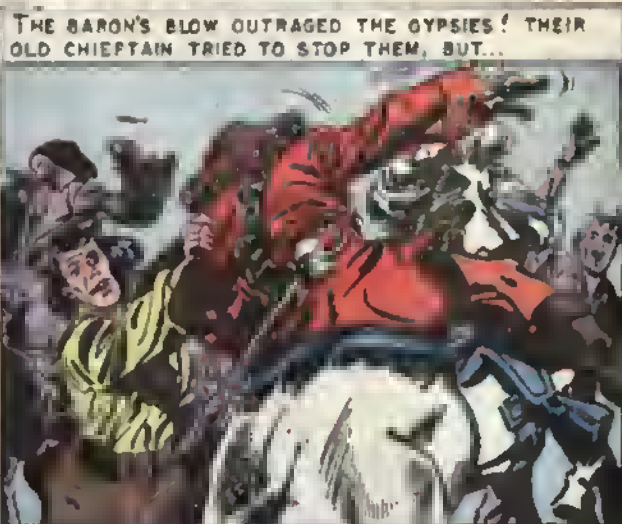


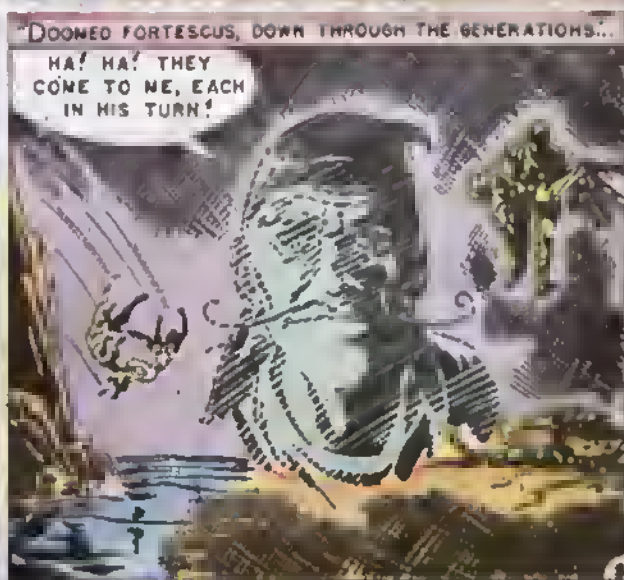
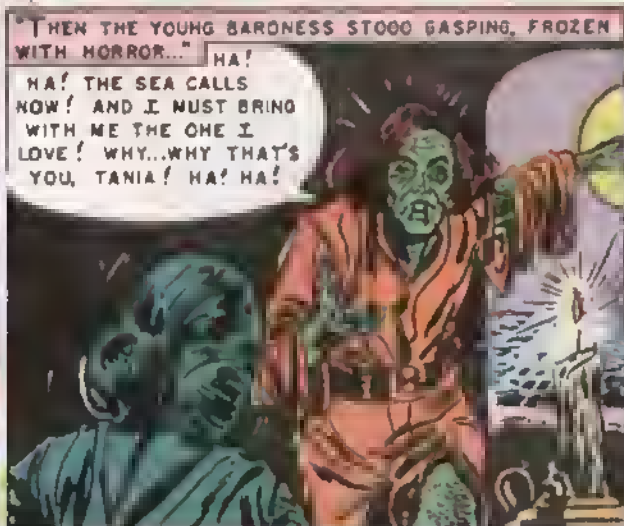
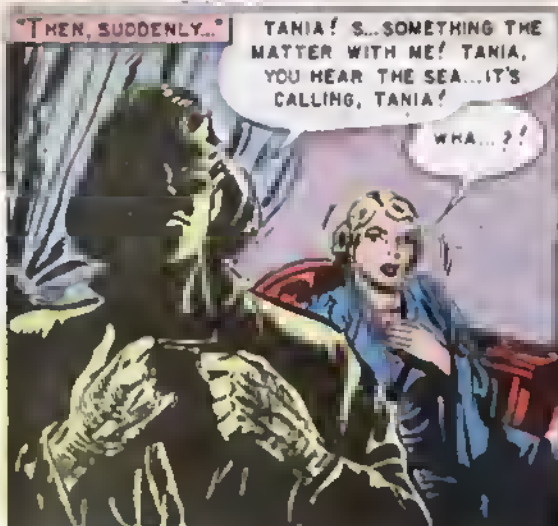
GET OFF MY LAND, ALL OF YOU! BE GONE!

WE DID NOT KNOW! WE ARE VERY HAPPY HERE...IF THERE IS SOMETHING...A LITTLE, PERHAPS...THAT WE COULD PAY YOU...?











JONATHAN POTTS, AS HE READ OF IT ALL IN THE MUSTY OLD BOOKS, WAS SHUDDERING...

UGH! IT...IT'S TERRIBLE!



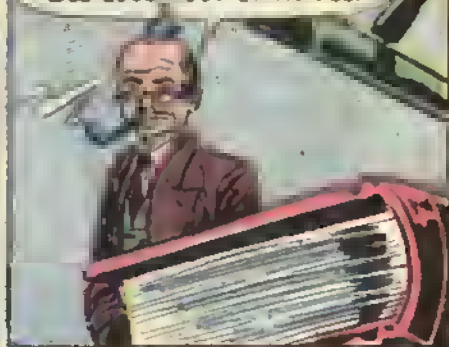
AND THEN HE READ, "AFTER THE BARON EMIL, IT IS THOUGHT THAT THE FAMILY WENT TO AMERICA..." THAT BOOK GAVE NO MORE! HE MIGHT HAVE FOUND OTHERS.

BUT... NO! I DON'T WANT ANY MORE!



THE CONSCIENTIOUS JONATHAN POTTS WASN'T SURE JUST WHAT HE SHOULD DO...

SHOULD I TELL THE LIVINGSTONS ABOUT THIS, OR JUST REPORT I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING? BUT IF I DO THAT, I'LL LOSE MOST OF MY FEE.



AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY A LEGEND! SUCH THINGS JUST DON'T HAPPEN, ESPECIALLY IN THIS AGE, AND IN AMERICA!



HE WAS STILL BOTHERED BY IT, WHEN HE DROVE OUT TO CASTLE HILL MANOR THAT EVENING...

ANYWAY, THAT MRS. LIVINGSTON IS A WOMAN! THE LEGEND SAID IT WAS ONLY MEN...THE ELDEST SON?...YES, I'LL TELL HER!



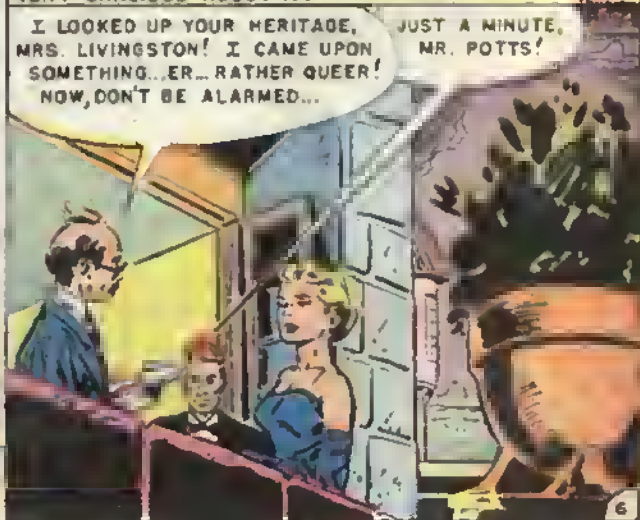
HELLO, THEY SEEM TO BE HAVING A PARTY OR SOMETHING! HOPE THEY WON'T BE ANNOYED AT ME COMING WITHOUT PHONING FIRST! OH, WELL...

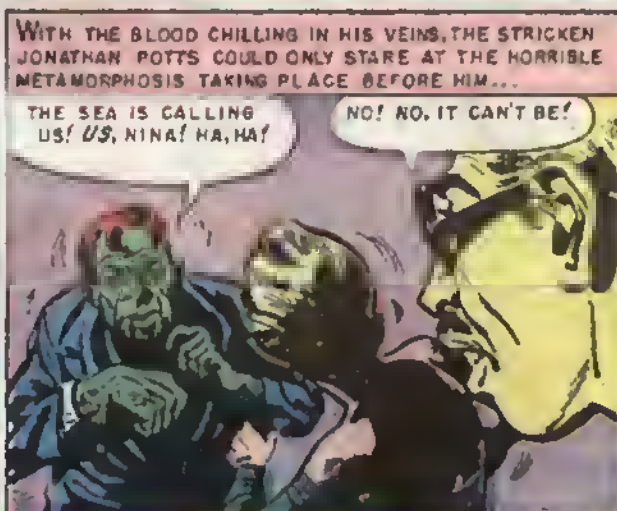
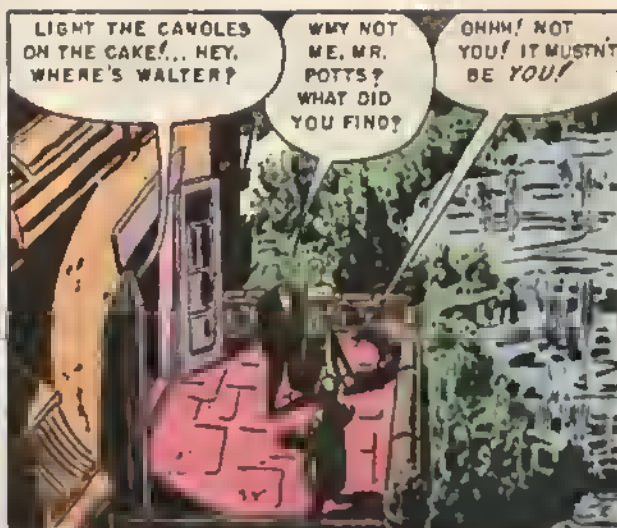
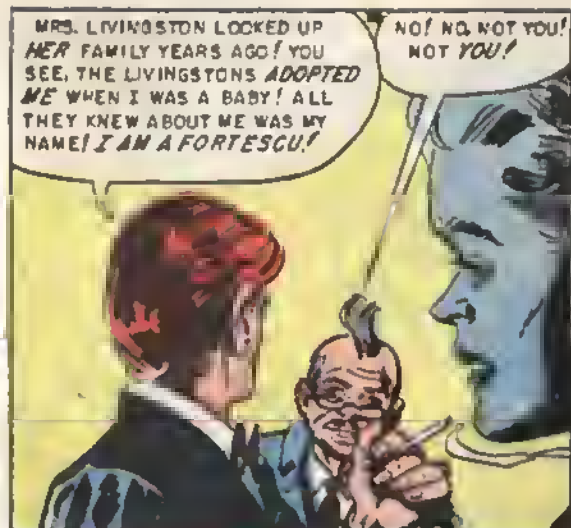


THEY RECEIVED HIM ON THE TERRACE! THEY WERE VERY GRACIOUS ABOUT IT!

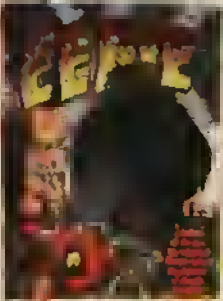
I LOOKED UP YOUR HERITAGE, MRS. LIVINGSTON! I CAME UPON SOMETHING...ER...RATHER QUEER! NOW, DON'T BE ALARMED...

JUST A MINUTE, MR. POTTS!









## THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER ..

# GREAT GOG'S GRAVE!

The trouble with me is that I am too skeptical; I don't always believe what I hear. So, naturally, when my girl friend Dora asked me to help her look for Gog's grave I didn't stop to argue with her. I just said yes, figuring it would turn out to be a lark in the graveyard that would result in nothing more serious than some bruised shins and maybe a few stolen kisses. Anybody else in Center City would have argued with her a bit. Me, I never believe in ghost stories, and certainly not one as old as this.

The whole city had had a recent recurrence of stories about Gog. There had been some mighty mysterious footprints seen in mud on rainy mornings at the city edge where the old graveyard is. They were pretty big, I will admit, much too big for any bear or even circus giant to account for. A couple of photos taken by a newspaper man showed a foot that was maybe twenty inches long and with awfully long claw marks. Personally, I thought it was a gag—the silly season for newspaper stories starts about this time of year—flying saucers and so on.

So after those footprints were found, the newspaper writers dug up all the old legends of Gog and rewrote them for the Sunday numbers. It seems that before the first white colonists came to this section, the Indians had a legend. They

claimed there was a huge man-monster named Gog who lived nearby. This monster was like a man, only about three times as big, hairy, fanged like a wild animal, and pretty nearly immortal. The Indian legend had it that Gog had always been here—that he'd haunted the locality even before they themselves had arrived. But when it came right down to it, nobody ever admitted seeing Gog.

They located the first colonial graveyard just about where Gog's grave or cave or spot was supposed to be. That shows what little regard the founding fathers took for the redskins' folktales. For a while everything was all right. Then there came a series of midnight troubles. Something kidnapped a number of colonists—and their bodies were never found. Something broke into some houses—from the roof! Something left whopping big footprints along the roads. The colonists suspected the Indians, but they couldn't prove it. Anyway the trouble stopped after a while. About fifty years later another outbreak occurred—people missing, etc. From the records and newspaper stories, the reporters had figured out that Gog evidently slept for about fifty years, then came out from wherever he was hiding, had himself a few citizens for supper, and went back to bed. This, they said, must have been going on for

centuries—and it was now just about fifty years since the last troubles. Gog was evidently waking up now, they concluded.

The stories gave me a laugh. I don't believe in such nonsense. Old wives' stories and fairy tales, that's all I figured them. But my girl, Dora, is imaginative. She was going to find out for herself: she had some idea of selling a good account of it to the papers. And when she asked me to join her at the old graveyard and dig for Gog's grave that night, I said sure.

So around midnight we drove my old car out to the city's edge, parked it by the old gates, and lugging a shovel and pick that Dora had borrowed somewhere, we hoofed it into the cemetery. The place was abandoned. There wasn't any watchman because nobody had been buried there in over seventy years—the colonists had used it and now it was a sort of public park, only the city had never quite gotten around to fixing it up. It was all overrun and the old flat tombstones from a hundred and two hundred years ago were mostly fallen over or unreadable from age.

Dora figured that Gog's grave was somewhere near the center. She was going to turn over the old tombstones and try to see if any of them mentioned it. Maybe the original settlers had marked the

spot the Indians thought was Gog's.

Anyway, it was a night's work, for sure, but I figured that I could snatch a bit of necking now and then and maybe Dora would be so grateful for my help she'd say yea the next time I asked her to marry me. So we set out, Dora holding an oil lantern and I carrying the pick and shovel.

We turned over a number of tombstones but didn't find anything helpful. We read a lot of funny old inscriptions, and found some graves that were maybe as old as the city. We came, finally, to one old, big slab set in the ground—the kind of slab that usually marks some bigwig. We sat on it for a while, wondering where Gog would have been. Then Dora kicked the slab idly with her foot. The thing rocked!

"Hey," she said, "what's this?" We got up and looked. Sure enough, the big slab was loose, and looked as if it had just fallen over. I pushed the pick under one end and strained. It moved slowly aside. I pushed it farther. A hole was revealed: The slab covered a hole in the ground—no opening like a open grave!

In the light of the full moon Dora and I looked at each other. She set her lantern down, got the shovel and we moved the slab all the way aside. Now we looked down. This was no mere grave. This was an entrance, for there were old, worn stone stairs going down into darkness under the ground! We looked again, wondering what to do. If it weren't that I didn't want my girl to think I was a coward, I'd have beat it out of there, but fast! I was scared. But Dora wasn't. She was only excited. She said,

"Let's go down and see where they lead to." Like a dope, I nodded.

I carried the pick and she carried the lantern and we started down those stairs. They were awfully old and worn. Down we went into the hole underneath that slab in the center of the city's oldest graveyard. We were soon below the level of the ground and still those stairs went down before us. It was dampish and I could smell the mouldy dirt of the walls around us. We were descending a sort of sloping shaft and getting deep. We went down about thirty steps and around a little curve and then we came out into a sort of little cave-like room. We looked around. It was a stone enclosed place underground, maybe about fifty feet long. There was no other exit, just the old stairs behind us leading upwards.

I breathed easier when I saw there was nothing moving down there. Nothing alive. I guess, going down those stairs, I didn't quite know what to expect. Maybe Gog. But all there was in that old cave were skeletons, lots of them.

We walked around among them. They were all bare and white and old, and maybe a couple of hundred of them. They must have been lying there for dozens of years. "I guess maybe this was a mass grave back in the colonial days," I said at last. "Maybe there was an epidemic or an Indian massacre and they buried all the bodies together."

"Y-yes," Dora said uneasily. It seemed like a logical explanation. I didn't try to figure out why one section of the room had no skeletons, only a cleared spot about fifteen feet

long with a sort of indentation in the ground as if some animal were used to sleeping there. I didn't mention it to her. She bent over, fumbling amid the dirt and scraps on the floor and then picked up something. It was a coin, just a copper cent. The light from the lantern turned on the date and we looked at it. The date was 1902. And we knew there had been no epidemic in 1902; it was the last time there had been so many mysterious disappearances!

We didn't say anything more. We just turned around and started back up those stairs. Halfway up, I started trying to talk myself out of it. "Nuts," I said, "We're acting like a couple of fools to run out without examining the cave further. I bet the cops know all about those bodies. I bet we'll just look like a couple of saps when we tell them about this. There just can't be anything like this Gog thing."

"No," said Dora, hurrying up the stairs with me, as we were nearing the top, "there must be some perfectly simple explanation. I don't really believe in that foolish old fable." We reached the surface level, and panted up the last two or three steps. "There is no such thing as Gog," Dora said.

"Oh, yes there is," said a voice. As we turned in horror, we saw the clawed hands of the monster reaching for us as he stood by the entrance to his hidden grave, the slab propped up and his great eyes gleaming hungrily and his tusked jaws opening for their first meal in fifty years!

Tomorrow the paper will report the first of a new series of mysterious disappearances. Dora and me.





# THE STRANGE INDIAN CURSE



OUT OF THE DEEP FOREST, OUT OF THE LEGENDARY PAST, CAME A TORTURED HUMAN SOUL, DOOMED TO WALK THE EARTH IN THE BODY OF A BEAST---

HUNTING BIG GAME IN THE NORTH WOODS, BOB KENDALL AND HIS WIFE, ANNE, CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A HUGE ALASKAN BEAR...

GOT HIM! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

WONDERFUL, BOB!

GOOD SHOT!

THIS OLD BOY'S PLENTY BIG! HE'LL MEASURE...

AIEEEEE! HE COMES!

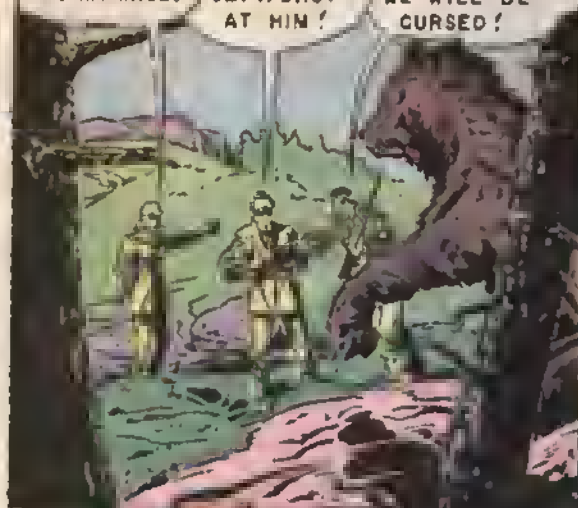




OH, BOB, LOOK!  
HE'S IMMENSE!

WOW! LET ME  
GET A SHOT  
AT HIM!

NO! DON'T SHOOT!  
WE WILL BE  
CURSED!



IT IS THE BEAR  
THAT WALKS LIKE  
A MAN!

STOP IT! I'LL NEVER  
GET ANOTHER CHANCE  
LIKE THIS!

OH, BOB!  
HE'S  
GONE!



WE'VE LOST HIM!  
WHAT'S ALL THIS  
NONSENSE?

IT TRUE! HIM GHOST  
BEAR WITH SOUL OF A  
MAN INSIDE! HIM WALK  
IN WOODS FOREVER!



AN OLD WIFE'S  
STORY TOLD BY ALL INDIAN!  
TALE! GHOSTS AGO, ALL OF FOREST OWNED BY BIG  
DON'T EXIST..

TRIBE. TRIBE'S TOTEM, SACRED THING,  
WAS GOLD NUGGET CALLED "EYE OF THE  
BEAR", WAS KEPT IN STOCKADE, GUARDED  
BY SACRED BEAR..



ONE NIGHT CAME YOUNG BRAVE  
CALLED BIG CRAZY WOLF- WANT  
TO STEAL "EYE OF THE BEAR"  
TO SHOW HIS COURAGE... HIM  
KILL SACRED BEAR...

HIM TAKE NUGGET TO SHOW  
TO YOUNG GIRL HE LOVE...

BUT GIRL KNOW IT IS BAD! SHE  
SCREAM, AND SOON WHOLE TRIBE  
COME!



BIG CRAZY WOLF RUN AWAY INTO FOREST. BUT ANGRY BRAVES HUNT HIM DOWN...



IN DEEP WOODS, THEY CATCH HIM. THEY PUT CURSE ON HIM! AND YOUR BONES SHALL BE SCATTERED IN THE FOREST! YOUR SPIRIT SHALL WALK THE EARTH FOREVER IN THE BODY OF A GREAT BEAR...



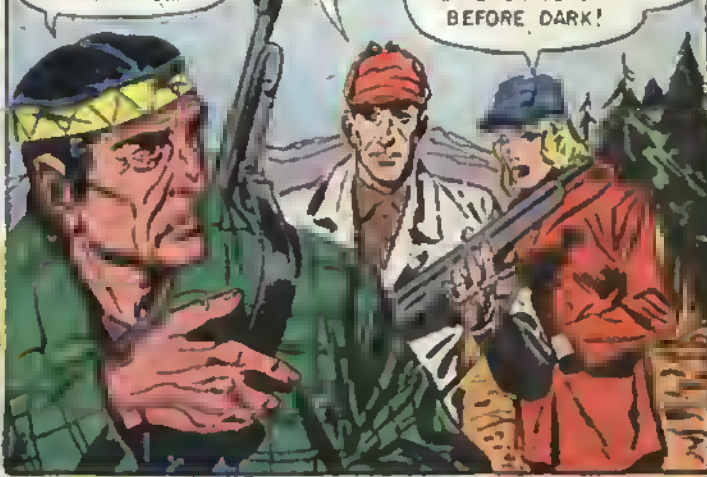
BUT, THEY NEVER FIND SACRED NUGGET. ...UNTIL A MAN OF ANOTHER RACE SHALL GATHER YOUR SCATTERED BONES AND GIVE THEM A PROPER BURIAL! ONLY THEN SHALL YOU ENTER THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS!



I CANNOT STAY WHERE HE WALKS. FAREWELL...

COME BACK HERE!

LET HIM GO, BOB. WE'VE GOT OUR BEAR! LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP BEFORE DARK!



AN HOUR LATER, BOB AND ANNE ARE BACK IN CAMP...

JUST IN TIME, TOO... IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!



AND SOON ALL IS SNUG FOR THE NIGHT, UNTIL...

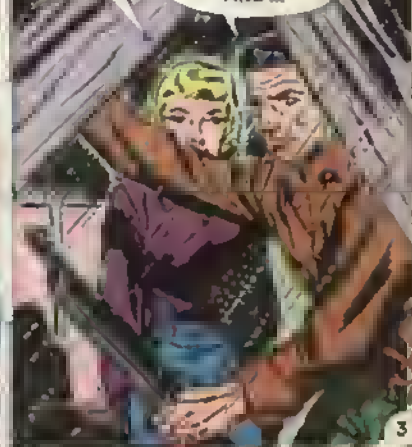
BOB, LISTEN... THERE'S SOMETHING OUTSIDE!

PROBABLY JUST THE RAIN...



LISTEN! DON'T YOU HEAR IT?

BY GEORGE, THERE IS SOMETHING...! I'LL TAKE MY GUN, AND...







WHA...?! THE  
BIG BEAR!!!



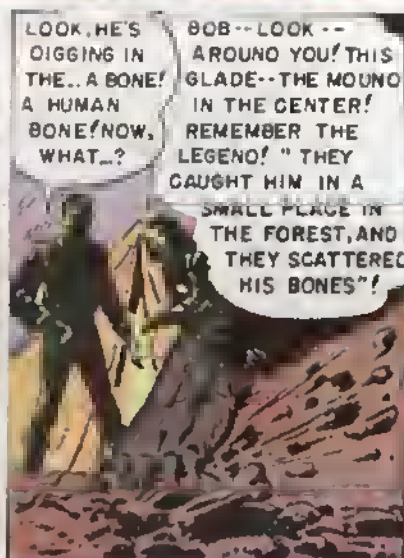
WHAT IS...?  
OHHHHH!

RUN, ANN! RUN FOR  
THE CANOE! I'LL  
TRY TO HOLD  
HIM OFF!



BOB, HE'LL  
KILL...WHY  
HE...HE'S  
BACKING  
AWAY!

YES! HE SEEMS TO  
BE SORT OF...  
MOTIONING TO US!  
WHAT COULD  
HE WANT...?



LOOK, HE'S  
DIGGING IN  
THE... A BONE!  
A HUMAN  
BONE! NOW,  
WHAT...?

BOB-- LOOK --  
AROUND YOU! THIS  
GLADE-- THE MOUND  
IN THE CENTER!  
REMEMBER THE  
LEGENO! "THEY  
CAUGHT HIM IN A  
SMALL PLACE IN  
THE FOREST, AND  
THEY SCATTERED  
HIS BONES"!



ANNE! YOU DON'T  
MEAN... YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE... OH, WE  
MUST BE  
DREAMING!

NO, BOB! THE  
BEAR IS REAL...  
AND HE WANTS  
US TO PICK UP  
THOSE BONES!



BUT WE HAVE NO TOOLS!  
EARNED IF I'M GOING TO  
DIG WITH MY HANDS...  
OH, OH!



THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS, ALL  
RIGHT, AND I DON'T  
FEEL BIG ENOUGH  
TO ARGUE WITH HIM!

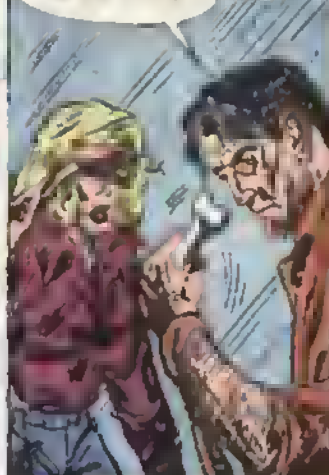
OH, BOB, I'M  
FRIGHTENED! WHAT  
WILL HE DO WITH  
US... AFTERWARDS!

FOR AN HOUR, BOB AND ANNE DIG DESPERATELY, SEARCHING FOR THE ANCIENT BONES---

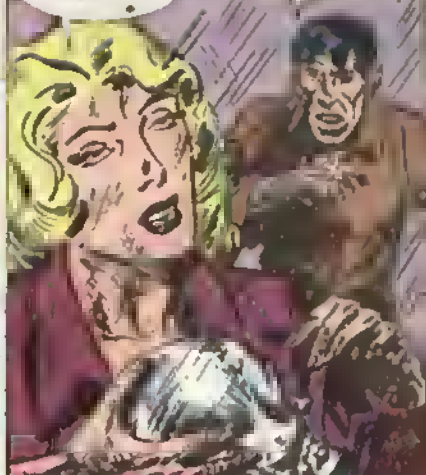
BOB! I--I CAN'T GO ON!  
YOU MUST, ANNE, YOU MUST!



THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO IF WE STOP NOW!



OHHHHH! BOB, I... I'M GOING TO FAINT...!  
EASY, DARLING! HOLD ON...

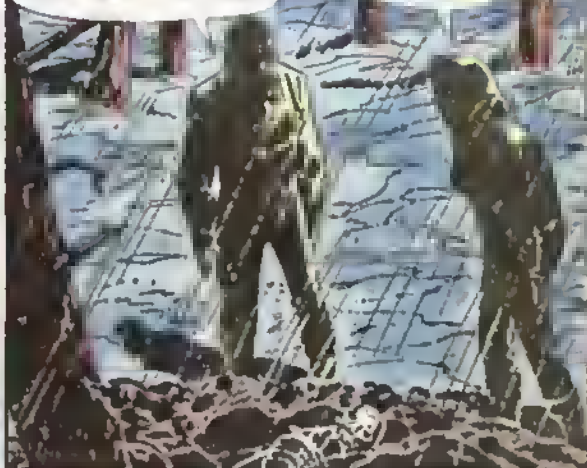


THE SKULL... AND THAT'S THE LAST OF IT! BUT THE LEGEND SAID, "GIVE THEM PROPER BURIAL." WE'LL HAVE TO... DIG A GRAVE!



THERE! NOW ALL THAT IS LEFT IS TO COVER IT UP, AND THEN IT'S OVER!

OVER! BUT... BUT AFTER THAT! WILL HE...?



THAT DOES IT! ANO NOW LET'S PRAY THAT...

LOOK, BOB... WHAT'S HE DOING...?

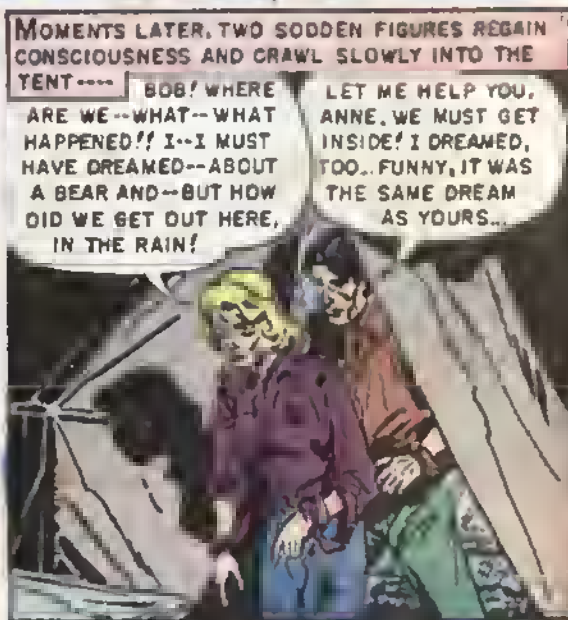


GOOD GRIEF! WHY, IT'S... IT'S...

A HUGE GOLD NUGGET! HE'S GIVING IT TO US! IT'S...







**YOU can WIN**

This big 15" Silver Trophy as John Sill just did!



Your Name  
Mr. Sill



**YES! John Sill**  
like mighty, married me 10c and  
a coupon like the one below YOU  
MAN NOW!

**"Hey, You SKINNY Bag of Bones!"**

That's what the boys shouted at me ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO...

But look at me NOW, PAL...

A Trophy-Winning JOWETT HE-MAN

Like YOU can be SOON!

**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER will make YOU an ALL-AROUND WINNER**

- A Leader in Civilian Life or Armed Services.
- A Winner of Success in Business, on 100.
- A Winner of NEW FRIENDS, GIRLS.
- A Winner at ALL SPORTS, CONTESTS.
- A Winner of Medals, Trophies, Money.
- A Hero on the DANCE FLOOR.
- A Hero at the BEACH, IN GYM.
- A Hero to your Sweetheart!
- An Ideal and LEADER in any crowd.

This "Easy as Pie" NATURAL Method gives you All-Around CHAMP STRENGTH—AN OVER MR. AMERICA BUILD!

**AMAZING NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER**

All these 5 Picture Packed COURSES on He-Man Building for only while supply lasts!

**10¢**

**MILLIONS have been sold for \$1 and more**

How to Build A MIGHTY ARMS

How to Build A MIGHTY CHEST

How to Build A MIGHTY BACK

How to Build A MIGHTY LEGS

How to Build A MIGHTY GRIP

Let me Prove in 10 THIRILLING MINUTES A DAY I can make

**YOU An ALL-AMERICAN ALL-AROUND HE-MAN**

**FAST—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT**

SAYS GEORGE F. JOWETT—WORLD'S GREATEST BUILDER OF HE-MEN

Let me make YOU A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



**YES!** JOHN SILL'S SUCCESS STORY can soon be your own success story. HOW A THIN WEAKLING WINS A TROPHY AS A MAGNIFICENT AMERICAN HE-MAN. A few weeks ago, John was a skinny weakling. Everybody picked on him. He had no punch, no guts to fight for his rights. TODAY everyone admires John's movie-star champion build—his mighty ARMS, his heroic CHEST, his rock-like TORSO, his broad BACK, his military SHOULDERS. His newly-born POPULARITY with fellows. The way GIRLS flock around him. His prowess on the ATHLETIC field. His double energy at work.

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're 14 or 40; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your own home to, MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an All-Around, All-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my training won't cost you one single penny cent!

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST! Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST BY TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. So MAIL COUPON NOW!

**JOWETT INSTITUTE**  
Dept. AT-24  
230 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

**MAIL COUPON**  
Now for quick action and get **FREE PHOTO BOOK**

**HOW YOU CAN BECOME AN ALL-AROUND ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN**  
In 10 THIRILLING MINUTES A DAY

George F. Jowett  
"When experts call 'Champion of Champions' it means anything and weight lifting champion World's Strongest Arm 6 times 'World's Perfect Body' winner"

**FREE PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN**

DEPT. AT-24

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (No C.O.D.'s).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**Which of 2 ONE WEAKLINGS**

PAID ~~these 2~~ only a Few Cents to become an

**All-Around HE-MAN?**

Which One Paid Hundreds Of Dollars?



Rex Farro was a weakling, paid a few cents to start bulking at home into a Champion All-Around He-Man!

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Start to be, come an All-Around He-Man at home with these same secrets for only a few cents like Rex Farro did! Now Rex is tops in Sports, Job, Popularity, as you can be.